

[Sidelights on Events and People]

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Albuquerque, N. M. Interview (?)

About 2,700 words

JUL 7-1938 2nd Mrs. Cobb Mrs. Wroth Mr & Mrs Frost Mrs. Goodrich etc.

SIDELIGHTS ON EVENTS AND PEOPLE OF

ALBUQUERQUE IN THE OLD DAYS

(continued)

(Being a compilation of material gathered from time to time from various "old-timers" of Albuquerque. The following material was obtained from Mrs. A. P. Keith, a long-time resident of the City.).

Fortunately we have some of the older business men left. Fortunately we have some of the women of other days left here, and I would like to pay tribute to such women such as Mrs. Cobb, photographer, Mrs. Wroth, once President of the Women's Club, to Mr. and Mrs. George Frost; to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Goodrich, to the late Rufus Goodrich who was for years employed by Arthur G. Wells, Vice President of the Santa Fe Railway. Albuquerque owes much to Arthur G. Wells, to Mrs. Louise Grundman, whom I have mentioned, to Mr. and Mrs. John Baron Burg, the late Governor Elias Stover, Mr. A. A. Keen; Grand Secretary of the Masonic Bodies of New Mexico, to Dr. George Easterday, to the late Dr. Jake Easterday. C.18 N. Mex.

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Speaking of the kindness of Dr. George Easterday to the native people, I would like to mention an incident I witnessed in his office one time. Dr. George Easterday was nominated for Mayor of Albuquerque. There were so many poor natives here who needed medical treatment that Dr. Easterday gave this and just took it as one more good deed served to humanity. We all know what politics mean, so that when Dr. George Easterday was nominated he found a man he had been very kind to, who opposed him, Easterday had doctored his whole family. This man had been hired by the opposing party to work against Easterday, and I will say that it was money wasted. For there was hardly a man who could have voted against Dr. George Easterday and dared go home after having done so. The writer happened to be in the office just as this native was leaving who was all for Easterday's election. Dr. George Easterday said, "Now look here, Jose, I haven't got time to fool with this man, when I have taken such good care of his family and charged him nothing, and he is working against me. I am going to give him a lesson he will not forget. I want you to watch him when he goes home. Go and give him the worst beating he ever had in his life, then come for me. I will plaster him up, and make him comfortable." He asked the native, "Do you think you can do this?" The native replied, "Si." Doctor George Easterday handed him a \$10.00 bill. "Here's \$10.00 for your trouble, and I will take care of the other fellow's bruises, and I will pay the fine for you if you get arrested. Come back tomorrow, and report to me." The native was just going out, but he stuck his head into the office door saying, "say, Doc, do you want me to kill him?" Dr. Easterday said, "Oh, my God, don't kill him, don't hurt him very bad—just beat him up. Then call me, and I will attend to his wounds and tell him how he got that 14 beating."

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In regard to Art In Albuquerque, the outstanding pictures of the natives, which portray the actual surroundings their homes, and religious sentiment are best pictures by the paintings of Esquipula Romero, who until recently maintained his own art gallery in the 1500 block on W. Central. The building containing these pictures was designed and constructed by

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Mr. Romero himself. Mr. Romero has travelled thro'ugh Europe studied with many famous artists, but after all art and music are a gift, and cannot be taught unless one is inspired to do the work. Mr. Romero's paintings show that his work is inspirational as I have seen pictures that he painted long before he ever became a pupil of some of the Easters, and I truly believe that one who possesses by birth an artistic nature often gives as much to a trained teacher as a teacher gives to the pupil.

Speaking of art in Albuquerque, there are many who have contributed to this work, who have passed as ships in the night, and I know of no one who is more worthy of mention than the first wife of M. C., Neddleton. But at her death her pictures were taken out of New Mexico, and such has been the fate of many beautiful paintings that at one time adorned the walls of the homes in Albuquerque.

The home of Judge Warren, in the 100 block N. Fourteenth Street is still a beautiful residence, owned by a prominent 15 citizen, and at the time of his death there were many beautiful paintings in his home. These, too, were sent to relatives and friends, and Albuquerque no longer owns them. It is my privilege to write of one artist in Albuquerque that few people have tho'roughly recognized because of his youth. This boy is young Ben Turner. Of all artists thro'ugh New Mexico, there is no one who has the ancestral background that young Ben Turner has, but before I took this matter up I don't think anyone knew that he was a great nephew of the famous J. M. W. Turner whose pictures are listed and exhibited in many art galleries of Europe and America. Young Turner has never had a lesson in his life, but his pictures show the beauty, the love, the passion, of a matured artist.

Among beautiful paintings that are in Albuquerque, no place can surpass the paintings that hang in St. Vincent Academy. One is as I can recall, about 6' x 9'. This hangs in the Chapel and was painted by sister Ernestine, an artist of great repute now.

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Most artists of new Mexico insist on putting on all the red they can put into the sunsets of New Mexico, but we people who have lived here so long have seen many solemn sunsets with no trace of the gorgeous red that make up the usual line of new artists for the newcomers of Albuquerque. We who have lingered long and have waited and are still waiting have seen the sunset on the Rio Grande with nothing but an outline of the Rio Grande. These paintings, to my notice, are more quieting. At certain times of the year the sunset on the Sandias, is the sun is 16 shining just as it should, we get a view that equals the Alpine Glow. At about 5 in the evening we see the sun shining brightly on the Sandias, then it suddenly changes to a pale pale pink. In a flash is a touch of Aber just for a second or two, then a deep amethyst. This is the whole view of the Sandias. It lasts only for a short space of time.

To the west the sun sinks behind the volcanoes and just as dusk comes on the mountains take on a sullen gray. Night has come. Stars are set and these we look on as our forget-me-not friends. If it is a full moon, then the Valley is beautiful to look on. There are many such scenes pictured of Albuquerque, but tho'se just hitting the high spots they never see them, and here it well to quote the old adage that "often in a wooden house a golden room you'll find."

There are so many of these treasure paintings that I know of, but circumstances are such that I cannot go to look for them and place them just now. Most famous pictures brought here in the very early days were brought here by the great grandfather of Mrs. John Baron Burg, who was a daughter of Mariano Otero, and mentioning Mariano Otero I will say that in the original settling of New Mexico there were only five genuine Spanish Castilian families that came in. Among theses were the ancestors of Mrs. John Baron Burg. I know of no one who is more deserving of kindly mention than John Baron Burg and his wife. Mrs. Burg paints portraits, and her work is indeed worthwhile.

I know of these treasures because I have taught among the natives. They have shown me these things they have packed away in trunks some are beautiful relics of Old Spain

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and when I ask 17 them why do you keep tho'se things concealed, they tell me, "Oh, the Americans do not care what we Mexicans treasure, so we just keep them to ourselves, and I consider myself fortunate indeed that I have been taken into the confidence of these native people. There are times when I have wanted material for pageantry or other things my work called for, it has been a great pleasure to have some native woman unlock a trunk and lift out silver boxes containing articles preciously packed away form inquisitive eyes of the Gringe. To us Americans often speaking of the natives as the Greasers they return the compliment by calling Americans Gringos. The way this name Greaser happened to be applied to the natives was in the early days [?] men like Perfecto Armigo, Mariano Otero and many others had to have their goods shipped from St. Louis or the City of Mexico by ox wagon teams. At certain intervals the team and the men were supposed to rest while food was prepared for them. When they arrived at this place, there would be a certain number of natives who were there ready with the grease pots to grease the wagon wheels, so that they might proceed against the danger of breaking down. As soon as the drivers would see the men arriving they would greet them with the usual expression of: "Here are the 'greasers'," and the Greasers vigorously applied the grease to the creaking old wagon that was bringing into Albuquerque gorgeous silks and satins, dainty foods that could not be found here, in fact every commodity that could be brought from Mexico of the East.

These five wealthy Spanish families brought to Albuquerque, by the means I have just mentioned, all the luxuries that eastern 18 cities could afford, and many things from Old Mexico that no eastern city could supply. So we must remember that among the genuine Castilians we have many of their descendents who were "truly born to the purple."

There is one old story of the two Mexican men with one nickel, driving between Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Anyone can hear the story by asking the well-read natives, but it is too long for me to give in this article.

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There the Y. M. C. A. now stands was the wholesale house of the father of Bob Putney. The Albuquerque climate was different in tho'se days, and the long porch was extended all around the Putney Wholesale House, and this was where the Indians would spread their blankets at night and dozens of them would sleep there, and no questions were asked. The ox teams coming in from the East or the West were driven on the Putney ground, the yoke removed from their necks, the tired oxen laid down to sleep, and the goods packed in the wagons were perfectly safe, and were eagerly unpacked the following morning.

This is part of what Albuquerque used to be. Now a fellow can't leave his overcoat in his car to buy a cigar and return to find his overcoat in the car. "Oh, Rome, Rome, there was a time when one could write. Rome, tho'u has been a tender nurse to me," but the civilization took out of the Indian his honesty. The natives have taken on every bad trait the Americans brought in, and if the Americans did bring in any good traits the natives certainly never took them up.

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Almost everyone living here now is familiar with Honeymoon 19 Row. The name was much unsuited to this location, but who knows just where Lovers' Lane is located in Albuquerque? I will tell you. It is in a little stretch of land located between what is the pathway leading from what was the Judge Warren home along the asequia bank that leads out to the Old Town Courtho'use. It has been said that is to be open soon with cars going clear thro'ugh from the corner of Fourteenth Street into Old Town. Whether this is true or not, I would not say and neither do I think anyone else knows, but I do know that this was a pretty stretch of ground at one time and the only real romantic place I know of in Albuquerque is the property of Judge Warren, which joined the property of 1429 W. Central Avenue. Judge was a wealthy man.

It was in his home that Albert Bacon Fall spent much of his time as he would come and go to Albuquerque. When I was a very small child, Albert Bacon Fall taught me my English

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Alphabet, as I sat on his knee and recited my ABC's. This was in Kentucky. My Mother taught Albert Bacon Fall the Greek alphabet. I presume he has forgotten this, and yet I think he hardly could. to my notion, Albert Bacon Fall has not only been prosecuted, I think he was persecuted and no Court will ever make me believe he was guilty, and I think he has shown what manhood really is because in my mind he will die witho'ut telling anything that will thro'w light on his own innocence.

Major Donley was sent from Washington, D. C., to Albuquerque. For a time he rented the house at 1429 W. Central Avenue, which joined the Warren property. This is how this stretch of ground just back of this property got the name of Lovers' Lane, and that 20 was only known to a few people. Paul Warren was the only son of Judge Warren, a dashing youth with dark eyes and dark hair. He rode a Kentucky tho'roughbred horse, and it is little wonder that the only daughter of Major Donley, whose name was Belle, should fall in love with such as he was at the time she met him. This little stretch of ground was Lovers' Tryst for these young people. The interest is the Kentucky tho'roughbred was a good excuse for mutual interest, which one may know soon ripened into a desperate love affair. Both families were much pleased, and to save time I will simply say that Albuquerque has seen many beautiful weddings, but there never has been and I feel quite sure there never will be such a beautiful scene as the wedding of Paul Warren and Belle Donley.

Most bridal parties find their way to the altar on a well spread canvas today, but Belle Donley did not tread on canvas to the altar at St. John's Church as she took the matrimonial vows. In place of this, yards of white velvet carpet had been ordered from a carpet house in St. Louis. This soft velvet carpet was pure white with figures of pale pink roses, tied with lovers' knots. As she left her father's door, part of this carpet was stretched from the door to the carriage of the Warren family, which proceeded to the Episcopal church drawn by two beautiful white horses. The same quality of carpet was laid from the altar out to the edge of the sidewalk of the Episcopal Church. The carriage was halted at the corner of Silver Avenue and Forth Street, across the street from the Curch. The same carpeting was

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spread across the street up to the church door, and Belle Donley certainly walked 21 to the matrimonial altar on a bed of roses.

Two small boys dressed in apple blue carried the bridal train of Belle donley. The ensamble made a picture that no one who say it will ever forget. Belle Donley's Mother was a close relative of Robert E. Lee, and in her was all of the staunch character, the pride and the bearing that would convince anyone that she was "to the manner born."

Now, you would ask, did they live happily ever after? No. In four months they were divorced. Belle Donley left Albuquerque forever. Paul Warren lived a few short months, then put a bullet thro'ugh his own head. Thus ended on of Albuquerque's early romances.

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